

# Trifecta

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## Chapter I: Oh

I always knew it would end like this: my life, my heart, my mother. She wasn't supposed to go through this no one is, I look at her remorseful gray eyes which look up and back. I was waiting for this, I knew things would end like this: my life, my mother.

I wake up to the dull light, shining through the flag posted up in front of my window. It's an american flag making the light more pretty than it was, showing reds and blues on my dark gray walls. The house is quite only the mice moving from room to room, gossiping and skipping freely. What day was it today? I look over to my digital clock, it's Tuesday July 20th at 6:30 in the morning. I knew I had to get up for school but the comfort my bed offered and teased me with what was too strong a pull, so. . . I stayed until 8:18.

I get up, slowly walking to the bathroom so as to not disturb the mice, the floorboards creak. I look into the mirror, dark circles cradle my brown eyes. Deep brown hair tufts rebelling against the natural flow, going up and sticking to each other, I did not sleep this well. I stare at myself as I peel away my cream colored shirt and boxers, looking at the light brown skin it hid. I did not smile, I stayed the same. The shower curtain was partly ripped near the bottom, forming a perfect exit point for water. I step in the old shower and turn the knob, cold water hitting my head slowly turning warm, then hot. I stayed there letting the water wake me, eventually I moved, a puddle formed.

As I walked down the hall to the kitchen, the mice scurry to their homes. I pass the door. Looking into the kitchen dressed in the brighter counter part of the light in my room, I don't eat. Pulling my boots on I make it out the door at 9:47.

My neighborhood was small, well I lived in a small town. The name of it isn't important. I walk down the uneven sidewalk bordered with weeds and dandelions, I reach down to pick one. I walk with it as the morning breeze takes it away, I hold it out so it doesn't attach itself to me, I walk. Passing by the brick house with the neglected dog, she barks at me begging for any type of attention. I went back and crouched down looking at her beautiful face, she was a pit bull, short gray and cream coat. I give her a pat and scratch her neck, she leans into the touch desperately trying to make me stay. I don't, I walk. Mrs. Cook is out on her porch again in her fluffy pink robe, face caked with yesterday's makeup. I could tell where she was the night before based on her makeup, her lips were red and eyelids blue; She looked sick, she looked pink. "Kado boy! Walking to school huh? Good get smarter, GET SMARTER so you can leave me in the past yeah?" Mrs. Cook yelled at me almost every morning, her blonde curls fighting with the fake eyelashes glued onto her lids, the times she didn't was when she and her boyfriend had a falling out, which happened at least once every week. I looked forward to those days. Mrs. Cook once described me as a sexy younger Alex Carter. I didn't know who that was, but Mrs. Cook always made sure to check me whenever I passed. Dragging her coke infused eyes over my body, lazily barking calls trying to "tempt me" into making the biggest mistake of my life (is what she calls it). I admire her confidence in herself, or at least the fake confidence she shows people, I do believe she was once pretty back in 1989. I walk on saying nothing.

I go into my high school and to my red locker, I don't talk to anyone I don't look up, but still I'm a target. "Hey Mercheni! Is your mom free? I told her to call me back last night but she never did" That was Dunkin, you already know what he is and who he is, the jock, not the quarterback though which I know hurts his ego a little. Dunkin tried to be a quarterback so many times, but he wasn't as good as Feller when it came to it. Dunkin along with four other footballers always picked on me, I didn't really care for it, most of what they came up with barely scratched my surface. Every once in a while I'd play back, today wasn't one of those days. I walked away as Dunkin continued to shame and snake my mother. I normally tone all of high school out, just doing the work and getting out of there as soon as possible was my goal, today was no different. 3rd period, my biology class with Mr. Jenkins, this class was different. I arrive early, Mr. Jenkins sitting at his desk, legs spread and tapping, the khakis struggling to hold on. He always got a size smaller than he was. I walk over slowly, dropping my bag and going to my knees. I look up at him. Quickly he undoes his belt grasping at his cock, I sit there silently as he does just looking up at him. He grabs my hair and rushes me down, I make my jaw limp and relax, rubbing and squeezing his thighs moaning quietly making his dick swell from the vibrations. His hand wandering and pulling my hair as he whispers nasty encouragement, I look up at him. I feel gross, his eyes closed and lips red from the abuse of his yellow teeth. I look at the time shown on his computer, class starts in 5 mins and people

will start to trickle in in 2. I swirl my tongue on the tip and suck, putting it all the way back. He releases, I look at him and swallow.

I get up saying nothing, he pulls and buckles his pants as I go to the far left seat. The classroom crowds with students all gossiping and bitching about teachers. I look out the window and see my reflection, I look rough, I should probably fix my hair. I stare at myself feeling the familiar lump in my throat, I can't cry, I shouldn't cry. . . I don't. Class continues as normal, Mr. Jenkins avoided me throughout the whole class. It's ok, but it hurts. Mr. Jenkins goes on and on to a class that doesn't care, some part of me believes he doesn't care either. I remember when I liked school, it was back in 7th grade. That's also when it started, the thing with my dad, with my mom. I breathe. A bell rings signaling lunch, I start to get up when I notice the whispers and looks of. . . concern? Worry? This was different. All of those looks are pointed at me, I rushed to the door as it opened, revealing Officer Grading I look up at him. Grading has the same look, it looks painful like he's witnessing someone eating something very disgustingly. He tells me to go with him, I do. He tells me to breathe, I do. He tells me. I blink "Oh"

## Chapter II: Remorse

I'm in the back of Officer Grading's car, what he told me still repeating in my mind "Hey Kado you doing alright back there?" It was a stupid question, any normal person wouldn't be "doing alright", but nonetheless I was perfectly fine. "Yeah, I'm fine" "I know this is a horrible situation, and I'm sorry to pull you outta class" Grading says. I look out the window watching my walk this morning play back at me, I'm fidgeting with the seatbelt clawing at the loose strand near the buckle. I'm tapping my leg, brows frowned, we pass Mrs. Cook's house, we pass the dog, we're home. Officer Grading unbuckles his seatbelt and turns to look at me through the plastic barrier, "So. . . when we walk in you might smell a kind of rotting cabbage smell, uhm or the smell of mothballs, I just want to make sure that we're grounded before we go in ok kid?" His country accent was distracting, but it matched him well. I knew who Officer Grading was because of the cowboy hat he wears constantly, it was white with a golden trim along the side, he had charms dangling off it too. It looked absolutely stupid but who am I to squash someone's style, I practically wore my pajamas to school. "Yeah, I know what a dead body smells like, I'll be fine Officer thank you" I reply dryly getting out and slinging my backpack over my shoulder. I can hear Grading sigh and curse under his breath before getting out himself. We're home.

I walk up to the door and turn the knob, the smell hitting immediately. I close my eyes and take a deep breath, trying to remember the smell, the way it makes my stomach ping with a stabbing pain. I walk in, officers everywhere with tiny yellow signs, with numbers on them. I look around at all the drugs and supplies littered on the hardwood floor, where she got money for it I don't know. Then I spotted her. Her beautiful brown hair sprawled and wispy, lips parted slightly. Her eyes are dark and gray, straining up and to the left. I feel the lump coming back, edging me, taunting me, I can't cry, I don't. An officer I don't recognize comes to cover her body with plastic hastily, Grading takes my arm and dragged me to the hall "Hey, why are you wandering off? You weren't supposed to see that, are you doing ok?" I looked at him brows more frowned, I remember to breathe, I wanted to punch him for asking that stupid question again. Instead I stick to breathing deep breaths. "Look I'm going to have you stay in your room while I get everything situated, someone's going to come in with me later to ask you some questions. . . is that ok?" I swallow down the lump and nod, suddenly too tired to speak. Grading walked me to my room as if I

didn't live here, told me to try and relax while he went to give a report. Relax? Relax!? This guy is unbelievable if he thinks I'll be able to relax, as my dead mother's body is still rotting in the living room! I start pacing the floor, my boots making too much noise against the wood. I lift my leg and tear aggressively at the strings, pulling trying to get the damn thing off, I start to cry. The boot was fighting back as I started to hop, losing balance, with all my strength I yanked the boot off falling down in the process. "AHHGH" I scream throwing the boot as hard as I can, the tears are flowing freely now. I curl up bringing my knees to my chest, squeezing myself as hard as I can. I start breathing hard as my mother's voice comes storming around my head.

*"KADO! I told you to come and eat diner 20 minutes ago what the fuck are you doing?!" This damn kid. I've had it up to here with that boy, I work to damn hard for him to not fucking eat because he's depressed. FUCK. I stomp towards my son's room, beer in one hand I start pounding on his bedroom door, I'M SICK OF THIS. "KADO YOU FUCKIN BRAT, GET THE HELL OUTTA THAT DAMN ROOM! I WORKED FUCKING HARD TO PUT DINNER ON THE DMAN TABLE YOU UNGREATFUL SHIT!" I start kicking the door, that fucking door. That stupid fucking door I'll kick the fucking shit down if I have too, The door swings open reveling my useless son. Curled up on the damn floor; the floor I paid for. I'M SICK, I charge over to him "YOU FUCKING PUSSY GET THE HELL UP!" He doesn't move, I'M SICK OF THIS. I started kicking him, harder and harder "UNGRATEFUL SHIT!" Harder and harder, he starts to cough and cry, those tears don't bring money in. I got angrier and threw the bottle down at him, glass spraying everywhere. Like a punch I snap out of it, I look down at my son. . .my son who's curled on the floor, he looks up at me, his eyes glossy. I stare down at him looking angrier than I wanted to, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. "Dinner's ready. . .so" I pause out of breath "So come out and fuckin eat." I turned and left him, slamming the door as I went. I grab another beer from the fridge and sigh, I look over to the pile of bills and mail on the counter. Fuck.*

### Chapter III: The End, The Beginning

"Hey kid wake up" I open my eyes reluctantly, being met with Officer Grading holding a mug that I'm not familiar with. I know he got it from my kitchen. "You fell asleep, but uh we're ready for you sorry it took so long." I slowly sit up, everything coming back to me instantly, I look around at the pretty light shining through the flag on my window. I didn't say anything as Officer Grading went to tell another officer of my waking up, I decided to get up and sit on the edge of my bed. "So uh. . ." they look at each other debating without words how to go about the situation. The other cop was a woman with light brown hair tied back into a tight bun, her nose was almost hooked with a small bump at the bridge. Her lips were thin and skin a light tan color, the uniform she was wearing was really tight for some reason. "First off, I wanted to introduce myself I'm Officer Larey." She pauses as she does. I looked at her badge number "3481" I thought "I'm one of the officers along with officer Grading that will be working on you and your mother's case." She extended out a hand for me to shake. I stare at it for a moment before reaching out, giving a pathetic shake of her hand. Her and Grading start yammering to me about how sorry they were, and how this situation must be really difficult for me; All i'm thinking about was what was for lunch today. "So I've made a run on you and you have no living relatives in Small Fender, although you are 18 you don't need to go to a relatives-" Larey cut him off "It is recommended though, I know how hard it is to adjust to adult life and living on your own. Especially now that you've experienced some trauma so we. . ." Again she pauses " We've contacted your father." My heart drops and my breathing

fails me. "WHAT!" I shoot up off my bed looking angry, I can't process, my vision blurs. "Whoa whoa ok Kado calm down please we just, we sent out a notification to him just because technically both him and your mother are still married, we figured if it was an option for you we'd do the contacting for you." I start shortly pacing my small room, both officers looking at me rattled at my outburst. The smell of my mother coming back to me "WELL YOU THOUGHT FUCKIN WRONG!" I scream pointing a nasty finger towards Grading "Come on man you've been around before you fucking know- YOU KNOW that my father was a terrible piece of shit! WHY THE HELL DID YOU THINK THAT WAS A GOOD FUCKING IDEA?!" I pace faster, throwing my hands around as I yell at the two of them. "Kado please calm yourself, yelling will not help this situation- I know you are going through-" "SHUT UP WITH THAT EMPATHETIC BULLSHIT FOR FUCKS SAKE I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!!" More cops start to crowd at my door, signaling to Grading asking if they should intervene. "KADO if you do not calm down I will have to make you calm down with less than favorable measures, please" I look at him with tears in my eyes, face all red and puffy from sleeping on the floor. I breathe, closing my eyes, hands making shaky fists at my side. "Ok" I say in my mind trying to calm myself before I regret it. I look at the floor focusing on the fake details in the wood, the tiny crevasses, the dark and light contrast, the blue and red light. I breathe. "I don't want my father anywhere near me, do you understand that?" I gasp out in a tired used breath "Yes ok, we understand Kado. . . Are you calm? May we Proceed?" I nod still looking down. I breathe.

*Where the hell did Lucy go? That woman always fucking around with her whore ass friends doing . I pull out my phone from my jeans looking to see if I was even notified of my wife's disappearance. No, of course not. Fucking woman probably fucking cheating on me the little slut. I find her contact and call, being met with a voicemail. FUCK that bitch. I walk to the kitchen grabbing a beer, a thought popping up in my mind. Yeah ok, if she wants to fucking sleep around then I have a fucking surprise for her.*

*[POV switch]*

*I hear my dad's friends crowd into the living room, laughing and drinking. The football game playing loud on the TV as my father yells at the players. The front door opens, this time I hear my mother yelling at my father obviously she didn't know about daddy's friends. I hear daddy say something and immediately my mom screams, no no why is mommy screaming? I get my socks on and walk to my door looking out down the hall, all my daddy's friends are laughing and touching mommy. They pushed her! Why are they all on mommy? I step out slowly. I wanna help her, she's screaming! I walk down the hall tip toeing, I can hear daddy laughing his words all long and wonky, while his friends all hug mommy. "Daddy?" He turns around suddenly, he looks angry, he yells at me to go back to my room and to stop looking. But I can't, they're hurting mommy. "Daddy, what are they doing to mommy?" A loud echo sounds, my face burning from the slap. "DID I TEL YOU TO ASK FUCKING QUESTIONS?!" I look down at my dinosaur socks. "LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU BOY! FUCKING PUSSY LOOK AT ME!" Daddy grabs me lifting me up, I'm crying, I can't look up, he can't see me cry, he doesn't like when I cry. "LOOK AT ME GOD DAMN IT!!"*

"Look at me son" I look up at officer Grading tears long dried away, i'm in the back of the police car. After talking with me they drove me to the police station to give an official statement , now we're back home. "If you need anything from me or Larey you just call my number I gave you ok? Uhm. . .Larey said he did some grocery shopping for you so you should be stocked till. . .well you aren't" He looks at me tapping his foot. I get out giving my thanks while walking up to the front door. I watched as he pulled out of the driveway, he lingered trying to wait till I stepped in but I didn't give him that. I needed to be alone for this. I turn facing the door I'm oh so familiar with, turning the knob I'm hit with a dark kitchen.

My mother is no longer on the floor, the drugs all taken away, and little yellow signs gone. Just as I left it this morning. I stepped in, the house still as quiet as it's been for the past 2 years. I breathe.

## Chapter IV: Alone

Day 1: I wake up to the dull light, shining through the flag posted up in front of my window, making the light more pretty than it was, showing reds and blues on my dark gray walls. I look over to my clock, it's 6 in the morning, I stare at the ceiling, I'm not tired, I don't want to go back to bed. It's been 4 weeks since my mother's suicide, the cops are no longer breathing down my neck. I'm now officially alone. I now get my homework sent to me, I don't go to school anymore. Today was the day. I get up and walk down the hall, I'm breathing faster. . .Nope no, today is not the day. I walk past the room.

Day 2: I couldn't sleep much, and I haven't been eating. The house is quiet. I don't get up

Day 3: I haven't been outside in a while, I haven't spoken, I haven't eaten. I stare at the wall thinking about what my life would have been like if I were Dunkin, or any of the other kids in my school. Wonder if I was like Dunkin, who was liked by most people, had friends, and partied every weekend. Wonder if I was like Mr. Jenkins who pretended in front of others, doing something so wrong in secret. What if I was like Ms. Cook who went out every night and smoked every morning, who fought with my loved ones but still managed to keep them. What if. . .What if I was like my dad angry all the time, not knowing whether or not my loved ones loved me. I decided to stay in bed

Day 4: I'm out on the porch now that I don't have to go to school. I realized that there's no reason for me to leave, I look around at the houses in front of me. People out on their lawns, kids playing in the sprinklers. Is today the day? I get up from the wooden chair out on the porch, it rocks adjusting to the loss of pressure. I walk into my home, and to that room. Waiting outside the door, I start to breathe faster.

What was I waiting for? No one's going to knock on that door, no one's going to come in and tell me they care. I'm alone, no one's watching me. No one will stop me either. I reach out and touch the cold metal turning slowly. The door opens with an old creak, I didn't know my mom's door creaked. I've never seen her leave her room these past few years, and now I won't ever see her leave this room. She died in this house. I breathe. I stepped into the cold room, her walls were a dark gray too. I look around at the nothingness that surrounded me, her floor creaked too. She had a record player in here, I never heard her play anything though. I pick up a record label reading *Cocteau Twins*, I play it. Slowly walk over to her bed and lay down, her smell immediately assaulting my nose. I didn't know she smelled like this, like a sweet spice. I bury my face in her pillow. Her bed molding to the new body. I take a deep breath in trying to connect it to the person I rarely know, rarely saw. My mother. She wasn't this sweet. I get up walking over to her dresser, opening the first drawer, I'm bombarded with pretty dresses and shirts. I touch them. Closing the drawer and opening the next, I unlock another level to my mother. And another. I quickly go over to her nightstand and open the first drawer, there's an ad in there. This is what she did, how she got the money. I see lighters and cigarettes, lipstick and mascara. I open the next drawer. Money in 20s and 50s all tucked away in an envelope, some haven't taken a new shape from previously being crumbled. I opened the next drawer, this one housed perfume and nail polish, more makeup and tights. I breathe taking my mother's life in. I take the dark red nail polish and the sweet smelling perfume, I spray it on myself. My mom's with me now. I paint my nails on her bed while laying on my stomach, my legs slowly swaying as I start to hum the song playing on the record player. The first time in a while I'm feeling something that isn't nothing, I feel good, shitty but. . .Good.

Day 5: I've been sleeping in my mother's room now, I'm wearing her perfume and polish. I'm wearing her tank tops and skinny jeans, her pink flip flops. I walked into the kitchen, and decided I wanted to eat today. I walk outside after eating, the sun hitting my face. I walk down the porch's stairs, people look over in my direction. It's ok. I take out one of my mother's cigarettes, hands shaking slightly, I put it between my lips. Suddenly I feel very good, powerful. . . confident. I light it. I lean against one of the pillars holding the house up, my tank top riding up slightly revealing my small smooth stomach. I feel good. I look down at myself, I look good. I'm alone.

Day 6: I'm sitting on the sofa when it happens, the doorbell rings. I get up. I'm in one of my mother's oversized shirts, she got it from a friend that visited before. I open the door glass bottle in my hand, I'm holding it loosely around the neck, I lean on the door frame. It's officer Grading. "Hey kid. . . I know it's been a couple of weeks since we got outta your hair. I'm just doing a follow up making sure you're doing all right." I look at him, I watch his slow and quiet realization. He knew what my mom looked like, what she smelled like. He clears his throat after looking me up and down "Oh. . . Kado you uh. . . You look the spitting image of her." I've been told this before, it never bothered me, never made me feel anything really. This time though, this time I felt something. Something I didn't know the name of, but it made my heart swell and beat. "Yeah well. . . She was my mother," I trail off smirking while looking up at him through my eyelashes, what was I doing. I don't remember being this. . . open. . . this charismatic. He clears his throat again "Well seems you're doing well for yourself then?" I chuckle softly, "Yeah I'm fine, thank you officer." he nods. Looking down unsure whether he should now leave, I'm staring at him. He finally made the decision to leave "Well alright but uh, let me know ok? If there's anything you might need" As he's walking away I shut the door and run to the bathroom. Looking at myself I smile, what was happening to me? Whatever it was, it made me feel good. I went to my room, played another record, and started dancing.

## Chapter V: Graduation

I'm supposed to graduate today, and my principal emailed me about showing up for the ceremony. I juggle the thought as I eat my cereal at the kitchen counter, softly scratching my thigh. I clean my dish and go to my room, which now is where my mom's used to be. The rooms are meshed together with mine and her things, it had the beautiful light I liked and the music she did. I decided to go to my graduation, but I didn't want to walk the stage or dress in the robes. I saw no point in it, my mother wouldn't be there nor my father, walking the stage was for them and me and I didn't want it. I sit at my mother's vanity desk gathering different makeup products, I wasn't really into makeup before nor was I now. I like to accentuate certain aspects of my face with it, like darkening some beauty marks or making my already long lashes longer. I hum along to the music playing on the record player. I liked this song, it was called *Was All Over Her* by *Salvia Palth*. I heard my mother play this song in the car only twice, those days felt a lot like this day. The sky was gray and foggy, I felt a goodness in my heart that could only be described as a cold happy sadness, knowing that this was the best it was going to get in a long time. The room was cold, the breeze kissing my nose turning it red. The room was a dark tinted color, only the reds and blues making a difference, I could hear the neighbor's wind chimes, dogs in the distance, and birds. Even hearing all of that I hear no existence of people, it was silent, it was lovely.

I put a smoky liner under my eyes, and ruffled my hair, I looked distraught, I looked messy. I felt messy, and it felt great. I gathered the clothes I decided to wear, a muted dark blue and gray plaid jacket over a black T-shirt, bark brown ripped jeans oversized of course. Fingerless gloves and some jewelry, with my

dark blue converses to match. I stepped out the front door locking it as I went, I stood there on the porch for a moment breathing, taking in the cold muted weather. The trees dancing from the minty wind, the sky foggy with small hints of the beautiful evening pinks and blues that will show later. I start to walk, my head high. I stop at the pit bull's home, petting her scratching behind her ears. Her tail wags erratically, trying to help the excitement pass somehow, I try to think when was the last time she'd been inside a house. I get up and start walking, hearing her small whimpers and whines. "KADO HONEY!! So sorry what happnd tooo yerr mother~" Ahh Ms. Cook who was very obviously drunk, I've never passed by her home at this time of night (It was around 4:40 pm) I turn my head towards her acting as if it were to heavy as I turn to fully face her, "Oh Ms. Cook it's ok, no need to worry so much or that pretty face of yours will get wrinkles." I smirk at her tilting my head a bit to the side, exposing my pale brown neck. This seems to get her attention a little as she pulls her eyes from my lips to my neck, and eventually to my eyes. "Oh welllll ain't that sommthin. . haven't seen you in some time pretty thang" she slurs motioning to undo her robe some, like i've been punched I snap out of it. I turn and walk away hearing Ms. Cook yell after me. Why did I flirt with her? She wasn't even flirting with me, I started that, even though I hated that a woman of her age was trying to go for me. I started that. I start to walk faster, already missing the room I now call mine. I arrive at school heading straight to the gym, having wasted so much time petting the dog and flirting with a pedophile I realize I was very late. I didn't care honestly. I push open the gym doors having multiple heads turn towards me, I take a breath and walk over to the far back seat. Everyone in town was probably here, this was the only highschool here. Our population wasn't big as most other small towns were, we had one of everything, and only two of some things. I think I was daydreaming through most of the ceremony, I don't remember any of it besides my principle taking me to the side to "formally" give me my diploma and cords. I was shocked to have received so much, I forgotten what a good student I really was. And as quick as the ceremony ends and the party starts, most high schools don't do a party after graduation; they leave those up to the families, but here it was like tradition. I don't stay for though and start to walk out when I get grabbed, turning I'm met with Mr. Jenkins. He looked puffed up and red, "Hey Mercheni, I wanted to give some sympathy to you. . .Uh I know your mother just passed" He was fidgeting with himself, nervous for something he was going to ask for. I knew what he wanted, I knew perfectly what he wanted from me. When I thought of giving it to him I felt dirty, and disgusted; I suddenly felt very angry with him, with myself. I kurtley nodded and turned to leave, he grabbed me again. I needed to leave, I was going to do something very bad in a moment if I didn't. "Mr. Jenkins please let me go." he looks surprised, grip still strong on my arm, he lets go suddenly as parents approach him. I take that opportunity and walk out. I start to tear up as I walk through the parking lot, I don't know why Mr. Jenkins affects me so much, especially when he wants sex from me. I know it's wrong and I don't want it but. . .He gets it out of me, like my state of mind trunks to jelly and nothing matters. I hear some talking and look around, the smell immediately hitting my nose. I see a couple of guys huddled together at the far end of the parking lot, they all look like parents. I walk over slowly gaining my confidence "Hey. . .bum a hit?" I got that from my father, he'd bum cigarettes off people all the time when he took me to games, or the store, or the bar. I realized what the guys were smoking was not a cigarette, but rather a joint. "Sure." One of them piped up. I joined the circle and just like that they all started talking again, "Cindy is driving me crazy you know. . .I mean she's graduated now and I'm proud or whatever but god damn. I know she ain't gonna be leaving home-" "Now wait she ain't going to college?" "If the damn bitch could make it outta here without getting pregnent fuck!" All the guys chuckle, the joint is passed "You saw her with another guy?" "Yeah and I almost went to jail for murder! Can you believe she had the damn nerve to fuck a guy in my house!!" "No fuck that she needs to learn a



damn lesson about respect man! She don't respect you." The joint is again passed, the guy next to me eyeing up and down, "So. . ." he takes a hit "Why is a kid like you, who just graduated out here with us?" I look him straight in the eye, careful of what I plan to say " Shit was annoying and stressful, needed a high so I went out to smoke then I saw you guys" They all nod a silent agreement that yes, a high school graduation was annoying and stressful. The guy passes the joint to me "I'm Derek, that's Logan, Greg, and Reed" I nod, taking a big puff from the joint. Processing what I was doing, how did I get here? Oh yeah Mr. Jenkins. I take another puff and pass it, trying not to cough. I do anyway "Woah kid" He- Greg chuckles "You even smoke before kid?" I stifled the coughs looking at the ground "Kado. . .and yeah I did" I lied but I didn't care, I was around it so much that I knew what to do, what things were. I smoked with them for a while, before their wives came out to collect them. All but Logan, who I swore I've seen before. "Hey, you goin this way kid?" I roll my eyes suddenly feeling very sassy. "It's Kado" He smiles, noticing my uneven balance I tried to keep "I know." I walked with him back home, half way I noticed that he knew where I lived. "Do I know you from somewhere?" I takes out another joint "Yeah, I knew your mother. . ." I look at the dancing trees, which seemed more animated now than before. I felt a smile coming as I jumped around in front of him. "You knew my mother?!?" I was really high. He chuckles "Let's talk more on the porch yeah?" I nod laughing and skipping over myself. As we're walking my mind drifts over to the lonely dog, "LOGAN!" I stop in my tracks, He looks back with a humorous surprise "We must save the dog Logan!" I race ahead hearing him laugh and run after me. I'm crouched down in front of the beautiful dog, I look up at Logan "We have to help her Logan." After a long while of eye contact he sighs, I see him take out some pliers from his jacket pocket. He carefully tries to maneuver from the dog's kisses and he cuts away the wire, the way he cut it made it seem like it was never even tempered with. I took this moment to really take in his appearance, he had camo print pants on, and a large breaker. Multiple scares hugged his jaw and hands, he had really good looking hands, I tore my eyes away desperate not to turn whatever I was doing into an even more bad decision. He huffs under his breath and pushes the gate like a door, immediately the dog leaves its cage. "YAY!" I yell and jump around with her. "Ok." he pushes me forward towards home, the dog following close behind me as I stubble trying to pet her.

We're sitting on the porch's bench Fydo at my feet, I decided to name her Fydo. I don't know why. Logan next to me smoking the joint he lit earlier, "So how do you know my mother?" I can see him get progressively more deluded as he passes the joint to me, "I worked as a bartender when she applied at Johnny's, I was her friend." Johnny's was a strip club somewhere south of here, I saw the flier in my mom's old drawer. "Your mom was a fuck of a person, she threw herself at so many men. Did all sorts of drugs, I always had to take her home after the night was up. . ." He paused, "I thought she'd finally learn something when she didn't come in the past few months. Thought she'd wanna leave that and- and me behind" He looks over to me as I pass the joint back to him "Sorry kid." I huff "Oh please stop, I've gotten enough sorrys in the past week to fill a swear jar. I'm over it." he looked at me with sad eyes "You look just like her you know, but with-with shorter hair. She liked to do her makeup like that too, not too much but just." He stops head hung low "Yeah.". I look over at him, his leg shaking. "Wanna come in?"

## Chapter VI: Over Waffles

I wake up, my mind pulsing and tapping with last night's bad decisions, I smoked a lot last night. I know why I did, but I wasn't thinking straight when I decided that. My eyes open slowly taking in the very

bright lights coming in through my flag, the sun was in a better mood showing so brightly at this hour. What time was it? I look over to my clock and read 8:49 almost 9. I don't normally sleep so late, whatever the hell I was smoking got me sleepy. I remember as soon as I hit the bed my body took over, and did whatever it wanted to do. I was shaking smoothly to everyone else, but to me in my mind I was stalled. I shook and moved like a robot needing his gears tightened, needing oil in his joints. Once my shaking fiasco stopped I fell asleep quickly, which was godsend because I remember thinking up some crazy plans I had all intention to act upon. One of them was buying a 20 piece chicken nugget from McDonalds and leaving one nugget in all my neighbors mail boxes.

As I start to get up, blinded by the sun's enthusiasm, I smelled food. Food. Why would I smell food? My stomach immediately started growling once it processed that it indeed did smell food. I could tell precisely what type of food it was, waffles, bacon, eggs (scrambled), with strawberries. Breathing heavily, I look straight into the sun.

*"Hey Kado! Common bug time to eat or you'll be late for school! New teenager like you needs his protein!"* I could hear my mother calling from the kitchen, the food smelled good but I was in no mood to entertain my mother's sudden change in attitude. She was off her meds, but then again so am I. I turn over in my bed refusing to keep my eyes open any longer, I can't let this get to me. I can hear her walking towards my room just as she did last night. "Hey bug common, what's the matter? Not hungry?" She's standing outside my door, as if asking for permission to enter, if only she asked last night. She enters anyway after some time of standing and being met with silence. "Hey, mommy is sorry for what happened last night ok, I was a little out of it as you know. Your father was rather upset with me." Why was she talking to me as if I were still 8 years old? She walked over to the foot of my bed, sitting down, the dark blue space duvet changing shape as she did, the planks holding me up strained with small intention. She reaches out to pet my hair, it feels nice, but I can't let this get to me. "Kado, come eat ok, we can't have two marathon people in this house, especially with all the food it holds!" She pats my thigh, encouraging me to get up as she walks back out the door. Marathon or marathoners is what she called herself and occasionally me, it's her own slang word used for a person who don't eat for long periods of time. Turning around she says "I made your favorite, chocolate chip waffles!" She walks back to the kitchen, her carefree footsteps announcing themselves as she does. Well. I do like waffles, maybe just this once I could, maybe, indulge. I huff and get up, finally giving into this new mother of mine, who has been on vacation for the past 5 years. Walking into the kitchen the wave of scents hit me, making my stomach rumble.

*"Here bug you sit down and I'll make your-  
"YOU NO GOOD FUCKING WASTE OF-"*

*Plate"* I look at her, all dolled up like a 1980's wife in an advertisement for vacuums, her hair pulled up into a bun. She had on a white dress, and a red apron. The only thing that seemed of time in her outfit was her socks, which were from a show recently aired, fluffy and long. I take the plate and look up, the dull light hitting her perfectly. She looked absolutely run through, like her smile was being pulled up by an invisible string of mental illness and guilt. One that she couldn't let go till she entered that room. I looked down at the food and suddenly became very hungry. It was chocolate chip waffles, with bacon, scrambled eggs, and strawberries. Because I absolutely hated blueberries, but she loved them. She didn't put them on my plate, this food wasn't made with malice, or pettiness. It was made with love. She loved me, She knew me. I look up at my mom, her smile seemingly more bright, the sun seemingly more bright. Things were bright, I was happy. She was my mom.

I walk down the hall cautiously, being met with a very comfortable Logan. He was in camo patterned pants underwear showing above the waistline, shirtless. And a dog? OH no that's the dog, the sad one, uh

I named her- “Fydo look!” I hear Logan say softly. Fydo ok. I bend down and pet the pretty girl kissing her with praise for just existing, for some reason seeing Fydo made me extremely happy. Even though I stole her, she seems majorly happier. Inside in the small warmth she conjured up for this house. After giving that queen the very attention she deserved I look to Logan, back to his alarmingly attractive scar ridden chest. He was hairy. . .my eyes uncontrollably scaled down and- Oh my his happy trail is- “Hey eyes up here, made breakfast.” I snap out of the sexual trance his chest put me in and get up from the crouching position I was in (because of Fydo). I looked over to see what he was cooking “Waffles?” He lets out an airy chuckle “You told me last night it was your favorite” Fuck I did a lot of things last night, I’m never smoking again. Well that lasted all but 10 seconds, Logan pulls out a cigarette with his teeth lighting it with his lighter in his left hand. And once again I found myself checking him out, he was a very attractive half naked man in my kitchen. . .How could I not. He handed the cigarette over to me raising one eyebrow “You smoke this early?” I took it “I do now” “HA!” he barks out while plating the food, walking over to the table. Setting the plates down he looks up at me through his short messy light brown hair, “I’m a bad influence on you huh?” HE HAS TO KNOW WHAT HE’S DOING?!?! Why is he doing this? I swear he wasn’t as flirty last night! I let out a cool chuckle as I sat, Fydo laying\ down near the other side of the table. My attention was taken from the man and given to her, she must’ve been punished before if she sat too closely. I whistle at her putting my hand down with a few blueberries, she happily bounded over lapping at the blueberries. “Did I tell you I hated blueberries?” “No you didn’t” Logan takes a long puff from the cigarette and puts it out on my mom’s ashtray, which was very pink, and very bedazzled. We sit in silence for a moment until the questions start itching too bad, “So what exactly happened last night, because I don’t remember some of it.” He forks a rather sloppily cut waffle bit and begins “Well for one. . .you came up to a group of grown adults that were huddled together late at night in a dark parking lot smoking. Then after successfully getting into the inner circle you were staring down the joint like it fucked your mother and when you received it you absolutely demolished it which is not joint rotation etiquette unless there are two joints.” I stopped him “Wait wait you were watching me for that long?” He nods “Yeah, now if you don’t mind I’d like to continue the recollection of events” He smiles as if to say dude you were so fucking crazy. “So after we left the circle we started back to the house, where you were smelling sounds and hearing colors so much that you decided to steal a dog. Which by the way you made me complicit, so thank you for that.” I stopped him again “I know all of this I meant. . .Like what did we do after I invited you in?” He looks at me silently. I could hear the birds chirping and the wind teasing the trees. Logan shifts and sits up “Well it’s like you switched when we got inside, you started acting very sultry. You did uh.” He pauses again looking around, eventually focusing on Fydo. “You kissed me. . .I uh was also high and well you know it gets you. . .wired. So I” He breathes, he was acting as if he was in a confession box, which made sense. “Uhm well, I kissed you back and things got more heated you were going to blow me. And I did let it happen. But we didn’t get that far because you started crying, so I stopped it immediately.” (Like that makes this any better) “You told me some stuff, about missing your mom but also not caring that she died. You said that you liked her most when she made you waffles because that was your favorite.” He’s looking at me now, looking at my eyes. “Oh. . .uhm I’m sorry that I did that to you.” He starts shaking his head “No no Kades I was responsible too, you. . .Even though you are 18 it’s. It’s my fault I’m older I should’ve stopped it, but all we can do is just make sure it doesn’t happen again.” I look to Fydo breathing when I say “Do you not want it to happen again?” Silence crowds the room once more, making itself at home. Logan suddenly gets up grabbing his shirt, pulling it over his head, collecting the rest of his things as he walks to the door. I watch him as he does this suddenly, not ready for the loneliness that will take place after he leaves, the silence. He pauses

and walks over to me unsure, he leans down close to my face, staring into my eyes. He grabs my cheek and slowly presses his lips to mine, the sudden contact making my face tingle and warm up. His eyes closed as he pressed deeper, I rolled my eyes close and grasped his neck. Our lips slowly press and pull, suddenly we get faster his rough beard against my soft face. I moan softly arching into the kiss, and just like that it's over. Logan snatches himself away, and breathes. Facing away with the door slightly open he says "We can't and we aren't going to." He walks out and slams the door. I'm left alone in the empty house, anger rising in me, I stab the last bit of waffle hard making Fydo jump. The birds chirp, and the sun is dull.

## Chapter VII: Party Animals

It's been three months since what happened with Logan, I haven't seen him. I have however begun to involve myself in the drug and sex circle, I didn't know how much this yearning could hurt. After that kiss, and the forever disappearance. It hurt me in a way that made me crazy, I felt like actively going out, finding him, and demanding answers. Like a woman going through female rage after getting divorced, for another woman that swept him from me. I wanted to hit everything, I couldn't leave my room, I started smoking more and more. I went through a spiral, crashout after crashout. I didn't know I wanted him like this, I only knew him for two days, and he affected me so.

Right now I was in one of my friend's garage smoking and playing games, his name was Ronnie. He was normally the one who'd supply and hang out with me. Right now we were in his dad's garage specifically, smoking his dad's weed, on his dad's council. His dad didn't mind because his dad liked me, and I made sure to exploit that as much as I could for us. I wore more suggestive clothes (even though I started doing that anyway) I made sure to keep my eyes lidded when talking to him in a more high pitched "innocent" voice. Ronnie knew what I did and he was weirded out by it slightly, he told me and I quote "You better not become my step dad or something!" Which was now a running joke we made whenever his dad tried to move our relationship farther, or get more than what I offered. I didn't like Ronnie's dad, he was sleezy and sweaty; But most of all he did the things like actively trying to get me "alone" in front of his wife, which made me lose any and all respect that could ever be built for him.

"Hey man. . .are you coming to that one party that Felix was throwin?" Felix was Ronnie's other friend that I had a slight problem with, only because he tried to have sex with me when I was at his other party. I thought about going to one of Felix's annual parties he tends to throw when wanting to get shitfaced and fucked. It was genuinely a great time, he had amazing music taste and the snacks were always fully stocked. If only he didn't try to bone with me then I'd be fine. Today was a little more specific though, I wanted to get really shitfaced, I wanted to get fucked. "Yeah sure, I'll go with you. BUT you better tell Kim that you like her, I'm so tired of seeing you pine and mope after her and doing nothing." He tosses his controller and hops on me, punching my sides softly yelling slurs and curses at me. I almost lived for these moments with Ronnie, but deep down I had the urge to leave. Leave that house, leave this town. Go somewhere I could really truly be free, a fresh start.

We walked through the doors and into a whole other dimension, Felix went all out for this one. There were neon signs and flashing lights everywhere, you'd think you were actually at a rave or a club. Felix immediately spotted me and Ronnie and jogged over. "Ron!! My man ere" He gives him a drink and tosses his arm over his shoulder completely ignoring me, good. See Felix was used to getting what he wanted and most of the time he wanted sex, when I turned him down he was angry, shocked, demanding what if anything he was lacking. I walked past Ronnie lightly tapping him three times, which was a code we came up with to non verbally tell the other they were going to dance (one tap) drink (two taps) or

smoke (three). When you attend enough parties you'd start to recognize a pattern, dancing/party games would be in the living room, and so would drinking but drinking was mainly associated with the couches and kitchen. And smoking was always 100/100% of the time out in the backyard, we never attended a party without a backyard because that would mean we'd have to endure the sad corner which was the substitute for the backyard. As I slipped past Ronnie he gave me two taps, I normally wasn't one for parties in highschool but now I loved them. The best place to get free anything, if you sweet-talked enough. And I was THE sweet-talker. Around the time I made it outside I could see that a circle had already started, so I didn't have to whip out my supply. I joined the circle quietly which is the best way if you ask me. Once there I picked up on the conversation quickly, and as soon as I hit that joint I blanked. "DUDE HA! KADO COMMON MAN! WAKE THE HELL UP YOU'RE MISSING OUT!" I recognized the voice as Ronnie's "Guys we should really pull over we shouldn't-" I didn't recognize that voice but it disappeared as a much louder voice chimed in who I could recognize as Kim's "FUCK YEAH!!! WOOOOOOO FUCK YOU PIG!! SUCK MY DICK ASSHOLES!" What the absolute fuck were we doing? I was able to finally open my eyes, my head was pounding and my eyes hurt. Once I took in my surroundings I realized we were on the highway that led to the outskirts of the city. I didn't know which way we were going yet but this alarmed me. "hh-HEY WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE GOING?!" Ronnie who was in the front seat next to... next to someone I didn't know turned to look at me "DUDE WE WENT TO THE FUCKING FOREST SIDE! DUDE YOU MISSED IT!!" He was cheeing so hard all the windows were down including the top one, Kim and another girl were standing up out the sunroof yelling and slurring, and I felt sick. "Dude I'm gonna puke!" The driver turned around which he really shouldn't be doing, as I now know we are in a car chase right now. He looked at me and smiled, giving me some water "Don't puke in my car man." I graciously took the water, chugging it down, which immediately got rid of the pounding my headache produced. We violently swerve to an exit which catches the cops off guard, they don't follow us. Maybe they were also coming back from a party, and decided to chase some kids causing trouble in the side. Maybe this is all just a bunch of kids having fun. After a while it all slows down a bit, still the girls yipping and yelling out, and inside we're all laughing. And that's when I hear a song playing loudly on the radio, "Hey Ronnie what song is this?" He passes me a joint and says "It's called [Kids](#)." I breathe in, taking the moment matched with the music. I feel free, and suddenly I'm with the girls yelling out and the wind kisses through my hair, I start laughing and smiling uncontrollably. The pain from being thrown into such a wild situation, remembering I was at a party 10 mins ago was gone. I didn't care where we were going, I didn't care that I was smoking or that the wind was causing tears to spill. I laughed. I didn't care about Logan or my mom, I didn't care that I was in a stranger's car. All I felt was this shared energy, this freedom, this knowing that I could do anything I wanted right now, I felt happy the first time this month I felt happy, genuinely happy. "Hey pretty boy, want some?" I saw in her hand some chocolates, most likely edibles, I took one. "Thanks er. . . Kim yeah?" "Yes pretty I'm Kim, I'm guessing I have you to thank for Mr. clueless over there finally making a move?" Oh looks like Ronnie finally did something with his life "Well you could thank me, but I'd much rather us dance." And just like that the idea sparked through the car "FUCK Yeah YOU ARE!" yelled the driver turning on a more sultry song to dance to, as I start swaying my hips and dancing with Kim. Again we're in a car probably going 100mph on the freeway standing up and through the sunroof. . . Dancing while totally under the influence. I was wild.

## Chapter VIII: Why He Was Here

There was a sharp knock at the front door. Fydo leaves me, jumping off the couch and to the door to start huffing quietly. She's gotten more and more comfortable now, I've been trying to show her that the things she wasn't previously allowed to do, she now can. I pause the movie I was watching and head towards the door. Opening it I'm met with a wave of dread, it's now been four months since this fucker decided to leave me with a kiss, Logan was leaning against the pillar smoking a cigarret. I suddenly remember the one he left here, that day. I haven't moved it or touched it, but I looked at it often at least. . . I did before. "Hey Kades how'er you doing?" I clench my jaw pressing my lips to the side staring at my neighbor's lawn. He was cutting his lawn now I think, or maybe his son was? Oh wow look a bird haven't seen a bird in a while, wait no I saw one the other day. Is he still here? FUCK he is. Logan now completely in front of me looks down tapping his foot to mine "So you gonna let me in kid?" If I clench my jaw any tighter my teeth would break, nonetheless I step aside. Fydo greets him happily, we don't normally get visitors and while returning to the inside life she was void of before, she has yet to have a person to greet at the door. Besides me of course. He steps in boots clicking along the floor boards, "So I know you're probably wondering why I'm here." *"Yeah or why you left!"* I say in my mind still visibly angry. I have to keep reminding myself that I only knew him for two days, that he didn't owe me anything, that what happened wouldn't have happened if we weren't high. That what I'm feeling isn't real, it shouldn't be real, I can't feel this way. While trying to mentally calm myself down Logan walks over to the couch, "Huh watchin Pearl, you know your mother loved this movie I never knew you guys are so much alike." I hate that he compares us, sure I look like her but I am not her. I settle on saying "Why are you here?" He pats Fydo's head "Well I'm here to enjoy the fruits of my labor, my end of the deal, I helped you steal her remember?" Joking. . . I knew he was joking but still, him not taking my question seriously ticked me the wrong way, him calling me a kid ticked me the wrong way too. I am a different person than the one he left four months ago "Logan why are you really here?" I'm still standing, keeping my distance from that couch, from him. I knew if I got to close I would probably fall. He looks down, cigarette still in his mouth, leaking smoke throughout the living room. "I wanted to see you. . ." He gets up slowly walking towards me, I step back "Logan.. You left months ago. Why are you here?" Another step forward, and back again. Logan notices this and scoffs "I thought you wanted- Why are you backing up?" He shakes his head clearly getting frustrated with something, suddenly his demeanor changes. He no longer has a playful smirk or the swagger in his walk, his eyebrows are tightly touching downwards. "Mmm" he mumbles something while walking towards the door "Look, meet me at the Lean Tunnel. . . Eleven." He leaves and I don't stop him. I was nearly pressed against the wall, I fall back sliding down to the cold floor. Fydo sensing my unease comes to offer comfort, in the form of kisses. My eyes hooded, I look to the living room realizing I was no longer in the mood to continue watching my movie.

I sat there for a while thinking all sorts of things, why he came back, why he left so soon, what he was going to say before cutting himself off. I don't know, but the sky was asleep, stars offering little light. I knew it was almost 11, maybe even 9, was I going to go? I thought I was over this, who knew a mere appearance would undo all my progress. What was wrong with me? Was this because of Mr. Jenkins? My fath-

I get up and walk over to my room, I forgot there were mice in this house, I no longer cared how loud my footsteps were. Still I walked quietly. In my room I contemplated what song to play so I could stop thinking about whether going was a bad idea or not, I've already decided, and I wasn't going to back out now. Should I smoke before going? Would being high make the situation better? Or would it make me worse. I looked at the time it was indeed 9, I decided to play [Eyedress](#). I get my pipe and weed, pack it,

light it, hit it, I'm gone. I dance around my neon room, the wind howling in approval, I jump around and twirl. I giggle to myself tripping over clothes on the floor, I reach into the closet to grab low rise jeans and a tank top, along with an oversized hoodie. I take more hits in between dressing myself, giggling and smiling, twirling with my eyes closed. Tears start leaking from my eyes, but all I can do is smile. Putting on my shoes I head out the door. The breeze kissing my nose turning it a nice warm pink. I remember where Lean Tunnel was, I was there often with Ronnie. Let's just say there was a reason why it was called Lean Tunnel. I think about the many stories that started at Lean, Ronnie and I finding the most massive toad then having the idea to bring it home and "smoke with him". Or when Felix almost fell off the side and into the flooding system, which at the time was carrying leftover residue from a sewage leak. I look up realizing I was here, I brace myself and walk into the tunnel. The familiar drop of the water that always seemed to be dripping echoed through, "Logan?" It was surprisingly cold out tonight but then again, it was the tail end of summer. I hear footsteps behind me, finding Logan when I turn. "Hey." He had of course a cigarette, walking up beside me he leans against the wall of the tunnel. Silently he hands me a bottle, "You drink?" I scoff, taking it roughly, "Do I drink of course I drink, I can drink." I wasn't a drinker but I did occasionally have a few drinks. I take two swigs and pass it back to him, which he takes. "So uh. . .How have you been?" This is why he wanted to meet here? To fucking catch up? No explanation just back like nothing happened "Oh haha that's real funny there Logan, no. . .No no no I'm asking the questions!" He tilts his head to the side slightly, questioning, realizing he smiles a wolfish grin "You're high." "Yeah? And so what!" He shakes his head almost feeling lighter than before, his shoulders untense, I didn't realize they were tense before. "That wasn't smart." I repel from the audacity he spit my way "Excuse me? I don't need your permission to get high, and also getting high could be a good thing like calming nerves!" "Are you nervous Kado?" I huff "No. ." He smiles pushing off the wall "I decided that maybe I want what I left." "Oh yeah? And what was that?" He says nothing, walking to my other side, then back again. "Logan?" he hums head down still slowly pacing. "Logan, why are we here?" He starts laughing. "LOGAN ANSWER ME!" His laugh got louder "Why did you come back? Why did you leave? Why did you—" He looks over to me unfazed, my stomach feels warm, my head a little dizzy. "What the fuck?" I whisper, balancing myself on the wall, My vision blurs my body heating up. I look over to Logan swaying while trying to focus, no, no where's "Where's the bottle?" I push off the wall "Oh that's not a good idea." I fall to the ground clutching my stomach suddenly really hot, rushing I take my jacket off, breathing heavily. That's when I saw it, my dick was fully erect, I started breathing faster. "Oh relax, after that whole thing in the house I realized, maybe you needed a little help." I couldn't move, I couldn't feel my legs, my head was pounding with a throbbing pleasure. "Then you show up high! Which was unplanned for me but sheesh, now I have a fall back." What was happening? I see him walk over to me crouching near my legs "no no no no no ple-please no Logan" He shakes his head a small smile dancing on his lips "Shhh it's ok, you wanted this, I'm just helping you." tears are now staining my cheeks "I th-thaa- thought you-" "Thought what? Mm? That I liked you? That I couldn't control myself so I had to leave. . .Is that it?" His hand starts rubbing up my thigh slowly, squeezing. I cry out loud "No no Kado, No it's ok, I do like you. You know your mother was always a pretty little thing, always angry about something. Always smoking in the very jeans you're wearing now. Low rise was her favorite" He smiles, dragging a heavy finger over my bulge and down my thigh again, I couldn't help it, I didn't mean it. I moaned out with pleasure, a broken moan, tears flooding the sound making it sound more painful. He quirks and eyebrow amused with my pain. He unzips *"You're fine stop being a pussy get used—"* He lifts me up taking my pants off, playing with *"Shhh sh shut up you hear me! No one cares shut up! Your mom is not coming for you! She can barely stand as is coked up on—"* Panting, moaning, he's going too fast, the

concrete ripping me apart. He keeps fucking. I cry “PLEa AH PLease Lao” He presses my face into the ground pulling my ass up “*You can do it come on it’s ok*” “I” “*I love*” “Love” “*you*” “Ahh agh mmmm. . .ah”

He pulls my limp bloody body, my blood forever meshed with the concrete, the sound of the tunnel’s drip fading out of existence.

## Chapter IX: Nothing more

My eyes slowly creak open, my body screaming. I think back to what happened last night, but I can’t remember, I don’t know. I sat up a spike of pain shooting up through my spine “AH FUCK!” slamming my head back down I breathe heavily. Tears start to well up, I know what happened. I can’t move, my head hurts, my body hurts, and my. . .legs hurt. I don’t register anything, I don’t hear birds, I can’t see how beautiful the lights are. I get up cautiously, taking deep breaths as I slowly stand, Fido lapping at my legs wondering why I yelled earlier. I put all my weight on the nightstand as I begin to walk, one foot after another seemingly taking ages. Hugging the wall I continue to the bathroom, feet dragging after me.

Pushing the door open it slams against the wall, the pain more bearable now that I understand why it’s there. I breathe looking into the mirror, scanning over my used and bruised body. Cuts, bruises, blood, cuts, bruises, blood, cuts. . .I throw myself against the sink looking angrier at my reflection cuts, bruises, blood, cuts, bruises, blood, CUTS, BRUISES, BLOOD. Why? Why was I so broken? Why did this happen to me? What did I do? I’m gripping the sink’s edge now, breathing hard. “*I didn’t do anything! Why did he do this? Why didn’t I do anything? Did I want this to happen? Stupid faggot you wanted this to happen! Pussy*” Breathing harder and harder “*You didn’t even stop him, you could’ve kicked or or screamed louder OR SOMETHING!*” I can hear my tears hitting the sink, reminding me all too well of that damn tunnel. I look back up to myself and lose it.

I can see the blood rinsing out of my hair, getting swallowed by the drain. All the open wounds on my body stinging with hatred,